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FRANK A. MUNSEY

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The Logic of Vardaman.

His Statements as to the Relation Between Ignorance and Crime.

Governor Vardaman evidently thinks it time to make a speech on the principles which elected him, and the speech might have been all right but for a singular deficiency in logic. It is another case of statistics turned sour. He says:

The minimum illiteracy among the negroes is found in New England, where it is 21.7 per cent. The maximum was found in the black belt—Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina—where it is 65.7 per cent. And yet the negro in New England is four and a half times more criminal than he is in the black belt.

It would be interesting to know where Governor Vardaman got his authority for this astonishing statement. He then says that in the South, in Mississippi particularly, you can hardly pick up a newspaper without reading accounts of an unmentionable crime committed by a negro. According to this, the number of such crimes in New England, where the negro is supposed to be four times as bad, ought to be still greater; but practically all such crimes occur in the South. Moreover, a Philadelphia paper recently said, in connection with the arrest of a negro tramp in that city, that the negroes employed on the filtration plant, who came from the South, were almost without exception men of vicious character, tramps, thieves, and ex-convicts. The colored population of Philadelphia objects to the presence of this element on the ground that it injures the reputation of the race, but nothing can be done about it.

Incidentally, it may be noted that most of the newspapers which reported Vardaman's speech left out certain phrases not precisely suited to family reading. As all know who have followed the career of this product of lower Mississippi, he is one of those men, fortunately less numerous as civilization advances, who cannot talk on any subject decently. To such minds, plain speaking implies a return to the English of Dean Swift; but it is commonly conceded by society nowadays that a man may be just as acute, just as brilliant, just as logical, using clean language, as he can by picking his metaphors out of the gutter.

University Students.

The Dull But Industrious Student Preferable to the Brilliant.

President Harper, of Chicago University, has expressed an opinion which will surprise some old-fashioned people, but which is, on the whole, the most sensible thing which anybody connected with that institution has said for some time. He says that he would rather have dull but industrious students than brilliant ones, because the brilliant student is generally lazy. There is much food for thought in this. Surprise has been shown in years past because so few valedictorians and brilliant scholars made any particular name for themselves in after life. Many of the great men of history did not go to college at all, others had only a mediocre record. The unmistakable inference seems to be that the standards of the college are not those of the world.

The brilliant college student is usually either precocious or overworked. A man who shows marked ability at eighteen is very likely to run through it before he is twenty-five, for some reason or other. The student who stands high by sheer application and untiring industry is likely to be one who knows and cares nothing of the world outside his own particular interests. The student who never loses interest in general questions, in human nature, in the affairs of the world at large, is the one who, in after life, is most likely to take active part in the world's work.

Another law influences the development of the college student, and is too often made of little account by the educator. In a state of civilization, the specialist is more important than the smatterer, as a rule, and it is better to know one thing thoroughly and take an intelligent interest in a number of other things, than to divide one's attention evenly among all the studies in the course. It is rare, indeed, that the brilliant mathematician displays equal proficiency in English

literature, biology, and the languages; it is quite as rare for the imaginative, dreamy student of the great poets and dramatists to be a facile mathematician. Too many college presidents and professors have no patience with the student who is good at the studies which, as they phrase it, lie "like," and displays no ability or disposition to dig away instead at those which he does not "like." Yet considering that the student will in all probability have to earn his bread by working at the task for which he is best fitted, and to which he brings natural taste as well as determination, would it not be quite as well to let him fit himself thoroughly for that task, without feeling that he is ill-balanced and undisciplined because he finds the study of Shakespeare a delight and trigonometry a hopeless puzzle, or gets on three times as fast in the zoological laboratory as in the ancient history class? In short, colleges ought to be places for the development of useful human beings, and not machines for the making of a certain prescribed pattern of scholars.

The Great Fire Problem.

Difficulty of Making Old Buildings Safe at Small Expense.

The trouble which is confronting owners of real estate now that the public mind is stirred up on the subject of fires is the difficulty of remodeling old buildings without paying more than the repairs are worth. It is probable that a great many of these capitalists are wishing that a nice convenient fire would come along and clear the ground of those buildings, so that they could take the insurance money and put up new ones which would satisfy the law.

There is one thing, however, of which they may be certain; to put off the thorough overhauling and readjustment certain to be required is merely deferring the evil day. There is a growing interest in civic affairs in this country, and especially in building laws. Fifty years ago nobody thought of interfering with a man for building any kind of a house he chose. Today the authorities forbid the erection of a skyscraper in localities in which it will injure other property; they insist that tenements shall be provided with water, light, and ventilation; they will not (in some places) allow overcrowding; and they are beginning to enforce laws in regard to fire. This sort of thing is not going to be less common, but more so, as the American public becomes more enlightened, and the cities grow more crowded. The safest way for all these disgruntled speculators is to comply with the law quickly, freely, and up to the very top of the requirements.

Lipton's Great Scheme.

Irish Pork Bought in America and Fattened in Ireland.

A piece of enterprise on the part of Sir Thomas Lipton, lately revealed by one of those annoying American newspaper men, is likely to disturb the mind of the British public. It appears that Sir Thomas has been industriously buying American hogs, shipping them on the hoof to Ireland, fattening them there, presumably on American corn, and then selling them in England as Irish pork. The question now before the logicians is whether a hog born in America and corn grown in America become Irish when the combination is made, on Irish soil. It is something like the enterprise of that brilliant chicken raiser in the Southwest, who built his coops exactly on the dividing line between Mexico and the United States, and fed his hens on one side of the line and sold them on the other.

Again, suppose it were decided that pork made in Ireland is Irish; how is one to determine which part of the hog is Irish and which American pork? Suppose the hog gains a certain number of pounds after arriving in Ireland, how can those particular pounds of flesh be distinguished from the rest? Manifestly Sir Thomas must, to be honest, label his pork "American-Irish," which would hardly do.

But those who confidently predict a storm of abuse for the schemer may be reckoning without their host. It takes a great deal to stir up the British public—a cricket event, a Derby winner, or something like that. The consumer may remain as serenely undisturbed as the transplanted hog.

Insanity Among Indians.

The Reservation Indians Are Said to Be Going Crazy.

It is reported that insanity among Indians who are living on reservations is steadily increasing; and while this statement is hardly to be taken without qualification, it is certainly true that there are more insane Indians now than there were two or three generations ago.

The causes for this are perfectly

natural. Take a people accustomed to wild, free, nomadic life, hunting, fishing, and living in the open air, and coop them up in cabins with nothing to do, and insanity is a certain result. The trouble with a great deal of the so-called civilization of the Indians is that efforts have been made to accustom the wild tribes to a sort of living for which they were, by hereditary causes reaching back into remote centuries, totally unfitted. As well try to make a brooding hen of an eagle, or a cart horse of a giraffe, as to expect mountain Indians to take to humdrum civilized life in a generation.

The Indian race is widely diversified, and some of the tribes are fitted for agricultural life, while others are not. Even those who naturally take to farming have been obliged to carry on their farms in adverse circumstances, too often on land which white settlers rejected as unfit for any use. The industries for which the Indian is fitted have sometimes been deliberately destroyed, the white man of a generation since being fully convinced that the duty of an Indian was to make shoes instead of blankets, brooms instead of pottery, and that the old-time industries were not worth preserving. Today we are outgrowing the disdain of aboriginal art and the pride in shoddy manufactures which was one of the most evident characteristics of the American people in the seventies, and we are bringing our colonial furniture down out of the garret and hunting high and low for genuine hand-made articles. It is a hopeful change.

The question now is whether Japan's back up will be followed by Russia's backdown.

Mr. Bryan now says he is going to move his "Commoner" to St. Louis at the time of the convention, and Mr. Hearst is already making arrangements to have his "American" in full blast. Nice, quiet time the Democrats will have!

Senator Hanna says, "We hold the ace." We do, and it is an ace of spades for the Panama Canal.

Representative McCall's jaw trouble keeps him away from the House, and there are several other Representatives who might be more popular if they had that kind.

Charlottesville, Va., will go down in history as the town in which it is an all-day job to change a one-hundred-dollar bill.

One Houlahan, a music writer, was so worried because he could not write a popular song that he began to bite his friends. Perhaps it is just as well, after all. A man can be prevented from biting, but he cannot be prevented from writing popular songs after he has written one.

The scientific part of the Bechtel trial is the only part thus far that is fit to read.

It is freely stated that in order to make the canal a success, the mosquitoes on the Isthmus of Panama must go. When they go we can try the mosquito-fuge on New Jersey.

They have three revolutions going at a time in Santo Domingo. The old-fashioned one-ring circus is out of date. The Republican opposition to Roosevelt is at present an unfatigued foundation, and several trembling leaders are watching their doorsteps for fear it will be dumped on them.

Peanut politicians and the peanut trust are alike in tribulation of mind. Mr. Hanna is reported to have said that he is compelled to swear allegiance every time he changes his shirt, which is pretty bad, if Mr. Hanna has the ordinary habits of a gentleman.

No prophet has yet arisen to tell us that William Randolph Hearst is a reincarnation of Andrew Jackson.

MME. SKIOWSKA-CURIE.

Mme. Sklodowska-Curie, the learned discoverer of radium, is described as an attractive woman who dresses without the least attention to style. With fine, regular features, light blue eyes and a good forehead framed in magnificent light, wavy hair, her face is distinctly pleasing, except for the thin lips, which give a touch of hardness to the expression. In figure she is tall and well built. Mme. Curie lives with her husband and little daughter in a small house in a suburb of Paris, but most of their time seems to be spent at his laboratory or at the Paris School of Industrial Physics and Chemistry and the Superior Normal School at Secour, where the husband and wife are respectively engaged in teaching.

Mme. Curie, who is now only thirty-six years old, met her husband at the university in Paris, where the two young students worked side by side in the chemical laboratory. When M. Curie, after brilliant scientific labors, obtained a professorship which gave him a modest income, he married Mme. Sklodowska.—New York Tribune.

AMERICAN GOODS IN GERMANY.

"Made in Germany" has nearly ruined certain industries of England, and the brand has encroached here to a limited extent. By way of reprisal American manufacturers are giving Germans a fright by opening retail stores in the fatherland and selling directly to the consumers. The elimination of the middleman is regarded as the American peril. German papers comment on it bitterly. In typewriters, sewing machines, cash registers, photographers' articles, and musical instruments American competition has nearly paralyzed Deutscher industries, and just now the establishment of American shoe stores in every large German city is causing a commercial panic. "Made in the United States" may become a nightmare.—New York Press.

Communications From Readers of The Times

A Plea for the Switchmen.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: If you can find a prominent place in your worthy medium, where a few of our prominent citizens may discover this article, possibly some one more interested, more sincere, more humane, or influential than I, may influence the proper ones toward expending a few dollars to carry out the following ideas: The street car switchmen in Washington are treated rather shabbily, as compared to other cities, much less prominent, and not nearly as well populated; and why is it? Are the citizens blind to the fact that these men are human; that they are exposed to all sorts and conditions of weather, without a place to afford a moment's shelter; or a room to keep a change of dry clothing, when occasion demands it?

They are obliged to eat their meals more as animals than men; and yet no one seems to have made any effort toward affording a moment's resting place for this special employee. Day after day we read of the appeals for aid in charitable work; and we always can meet some one who is "out of breath" trying to keep the unfortunate, why not assign one of this particular "always doing" class to the switchmen's position for a few days, and thereby demonstrate the necessity of a little protection for your citizen taxpayer. Many will say, "Yes, it's a shame," but that faction, along with its companion, "It's too bad," have never as yet, to my knowledge, done anything practically toward furnishing a little panacea in time of need.

The press is the motive power in this particular instance, and through its channels it can bring reform that will mean comfort to the "man at the switch." Were these men furnished with a small circular station, small as the police use to hold prisoners while awaiting the patrol, I think it would make a great change in the men physically, and at the end of the month his finances would be much larger than heretofore, when he was obliged to buy "heat" at the nearby hostelry.

Washington, Jan. 20. SARGE.

Suggestion to Skaters.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: Please call attention of skaters to the fact that if they will take with them a small rope, lives may be saved. A small rope is not a burden, and with it two persons can quickly rescue one who is in the water, by stretching it across the hole, and with little danger to themselves. If a tight noose is made in one end, it can be thrown to a person in the water, and if his arm or body can be put into it, rescue is easy. The rope is not a burden, and should be carried by all skaters. Should Gray obtain control of the Democracy of the State and fall of nomination for the Presidency, he might be returned to the Senate in the event of a Democratic Legislature. Besides this, the Salsbury men charge against Judge Gray and his supporters the loss of several county districts in the two southern counties of the State.

At the meeting of the Democratic National Committee here last week it was almost impossible to find any Gray sentiment. Even former Senator Kenney, of Delaware, who is a member of the committee, was not enthusiastic over his former colleague. In fact, he threw cold water upon the Gray boom, and intimated that it was not to be.

H. A. DOBSON.

Washington, Jan. 20.

In the Land Office.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: I have taken some pains to learn the views of employees of the General Land Office as to working hours and find that many, and probably the majority, would prefer to open at 7:30 a. m. and close at 3 p. m., and I think more work could be done if the extra time was put in the morning, when all are fresh, than in the evening, when the work seems more tiresome.

S. A. C.

GRAY'S FRIENDS UNABLE TO FLOAT HIS BOOMLET

Their Only Hope Lies in Anticipation That No Candidate Now Mentioned Can Get Two-thirds Vote.

The friends of Judge Gray, of Delaware, are experiencing much difficulty in getting the Gray boom for President under way; they do not seem to be able to get a favorable breeze, and consequently the Delaware man's boomlet floats in the calm.

As a matter of fact, there is not much talk one way or the other concerning the Gray boomlet, despite the efforts that have been put forth from time to time to arouse some interest in his candidacy. The only consolation his supporters are able to get out of the present situation is the belief that none of the others in the race, Parker, Gorman, Hearst, Olney, or any of them, will be able to obtain the necessary two-thirds convention majority, and that in the deadlock the Democracy will search for another candidate. They are in hope that the man to whom the delegates will flock will be Judge Gray.

The President's Views.

It is said that the President, who is closely watching the trend of Democratic sentiment for the purpose of determining the man whom the Democracy will name to oppose him, now takes this view of the situation, and is inclined to believe that Judge Gray will be the candidate set up against him. For some months the President looked upon Judge Parker as his probable rival, and at one time it is said he had fears of Gorman, which, by the way, are not entirely dispelled, but he is now watching Judge Gray.

One thing which operates against Judge Gray and handicaps him in the race for the nomination is the fact that even in his own little State, with "three counties at low tide and two at high tide," as the late Senator Tugalis described Delaware, his party is not a unit in his support. The Blue Hen State Democracy is under the rule of the Hon. Willard Saulsbury, who comes from a long line of Senatorial ancestry, and the Saulsbury organization is jealous of Judge Gray.

Eye on the Senate.

Saulsbury is the man who for years has been battling against Adickesism in the State, in the hope that, if the gas man is ever overthrown and the Democrats are able to carry the Legislature, he may succeed to his father's and grandfather's seat in the Senate. Should Gray obtain control of the Democracy of the State and fall of nomination for the Presidency, he might be returned to the Senate in the event of a Democratic Legislature. Besides this, the Salsbury men charge against Judge Gray and his supporters the loss of several county districts in the two southern counties of the State.

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S. A. C.

THE PERSONAL SIDE

DR. HALE'S BIG HAT.

When the Rev. Edward Everett Hale shall have finished his service as chaplain to the Senate it may be possible to find other men who will fill his shoes, but another man certainly cannot be found who will fill Mr. Hale's hat.

A few days ago a Senator from a Western State who is far from a bullet head took the venerable chaplain's broad-brimmed soft hat by mistake and strolled out into the corridor at the Capitol. When the Senator finally put the hat on he had the surprise of his life. It dropped completely over his ears and he immediately began to inquire who had so much head.

The hats worn by most men with large heads are numbered. Hatmakers have never taken the trouble to estimate what size Dr. Hale's hat would be if marked according to the standard used on the headgear of ordinary mortals.

SONG WAS INTERRUPTED.

While members of No. 12 Engine Company were acting as hosts the other night to more than 200 of their friends in their attractive headquarters in North Capitol Street, an amusing incident occurred.

Charles McIntosh, of Truck D, had the floor and was deeply engrossed in a song he was singing. Suddenly a group sounded "2-4-2," and in less time than it takes to tell the story, the guests found themselves without a host, for it was an alarm calling the company to the house of Mrs. James Cooney, 242 Brightwood Avenue, where an oil stove had been overturned, causing a fire.

Before the firemen arrived, however, the flames had been extinguished by Special Policeman John Barkersmith, and No. 12's beautiful horses brought the men back quickly, and the enjoyment of the evening continued.

NOW ROOSEVELT DEMOCRATS.

Representative Henry C. Smith, who, in the last Congress, was one of the trio of Smiths from Michigan, is a visitor in Washington, and today went to the Capitol to renew old acquaintances. "We have formed a new party up in Michigan," said Mr. Smith. "Yes, sir; a brand-new party, and while I never have had much faith in new political organizations," retorted to adhere to the grand old party, yet I am heartily in sympathy with this new party."

"What, Henry?" exclaimed one of his friends. "Are you weakening in your loyalty to the Republican party?" "Not at all; not at all, sir," replied the Michigander. "I am still uncompromisingly a Republican; but nevertheless I endorse the principles of this new party."

"What sort of an organization is it?" "Why, it is known as the party of Roosevelt Democrats, and it only lacks in numbers because there are not many Democrats in the State; but with a few there are, are rapidly enrolling themselves in the party of 'Roosevelt Demo-

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

I.
As Willie Brown
Strolled round the town
Too see what he might see,

II.
Whom should he meet
In a lonely street
But the capital letter G.

III.
So Willie gave chase
At his swiftest pace
To bring that letter back;

IV.
O'er vale and ridge
And across the bridge
He kept on the truant's track.

V.
O'er the garden wall—
Here a nasty fall—
He escaped by hook or crook—

VI.
But at last the boy,
With a shout of joy,
Chased G back in the spelling book.

POSTPONED.
"Gosh! Mandy, I guess we'd better postpone that trip on the new under the ground railroad till next time; yew'd never in the world be able tew get down through that hole!"

HEARD IN VEGETABLE LAND.
Willie Potato—Come on in; the water's warm enough to take a bath.

EASY ENOUGH.
Agnes—But, Algy, I'm afraid we can't live on \$10 a week.
Algermon—What of it? Aren't we enough in love to die for each other?

HIGHER MATHEMATICS.
"I hope you divided your orange with your little brother, Ethel."
"No, mamma; you see, I've only got as far as addition. I don't know anything about division yet."